saccharine

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18089516.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hypnotism, Fear Play, Creampie, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Extremely Dubious Consent, Seizures, Seizure Fucking, Mind Manipulation, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Rough Sex, Hand Jobs, Scenting, Memory Loss, Memory Alteration, Conditioning, Come Swallowing, Ears, Someone Help Will Graham, Implied/Referenced Drug Use
Language:	English
Collections:	non-con hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2019-03-12 Completed: 2019-03-14 Words: 6,724 Chapters: 2/2

saccharine

by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

It was a difficult procedure, but the sicker Will becomes, the more susceptible he is to suggestion.

Chapter 1

Will enters Hannibal's office, and for all intents and purposes, he looks the same as always – a little worse for wear, dark circles stained beneath his eyes, his hair windswept and cheeks bearing a light flush – but there is something. Hannibal picks it up immediately, watches as Will shrugs off his jacket and messenger bag as he always does, tossing them onto the two-seater couch, as he always does. Sits in the chair that has its back to the door, as he always does.

Flattens his hands on his thighs, spreads his knees, and shivers, as he always does.

Hannibal lifts his chin, scenting the air that Will had passed through. Ah, still there – that fever sweetness, that sickness clawing at his brain and lighting it on fire. He smiles, and unbuttons his suit jacket, taking a seat across from Will.

Will's eyes lift up, shining and lovely, a little greener today, Hannibal notes – he must have been out in the sun. He parts his lips, pushes the tip of his tongue between them, then forward so it bends and he can bite, gaze set on the edge of the ceiling behind Hannibal's head.

He tilts, and Will's eyes snap to him, the prey animal sensing movement. "How have you been feeling, Will?" Hannibal murmurs.

Will's fingers flex and widen on his thighs, sliding down to his knees, then back up. "Fine," he murmurs, in a way that means he is almost certainly *not* fine. Hannibal's brows rise, and he lifts his chin, watching as Will tucks his shoulders in, conditioned by now to avoid Hannibal's disapproval – it was a difficult procedure, but the sicker Will becomes, the more susceptible he is to suggestion.

His lashes lower, and his blush darkens, knees pulling in to conceal the soft innards of his thighs and his exposed belly. He leans forward, elbows on his knees, and runs a hand over his mouth. "I haven't been sleeping well."

Hannibal nods, and shows Will a smile, sees his lips twitch up in answer, happy to make Hannibal proud. "That same nightmare?" he says, and keeps his voice soothing, and quiet, and Will nods again, dropping his head in his hands. He shudders. He hasn't told Hannibal what this particular nightmare contains, but he's sure it is terrible, considering Will's wonderful imagination and the horrors he has been subjected to bear witness to. He does know Will wakes drenched in sweat, and doesn't sleep for days after he has it.

"They've been coming more frequently," Hannibal notes, and Will lets out a weak sound, nodding once. He lifts his head, dragging his fingers down his face so it whitens his skin, and already even the mention of the dream has made him clammy, makes his fingers shake. Hannibal presses his lips together. "Perhaps there's something we can do about it."

Will blinks at him, frowning.

Hannibal smiles, and leans in, mimicking Will's posture. "Do you trust me, Will?"

Will blinks again, his lips parting. He swallows. "Of course," he says, as if the alternative is unthinkable. "Though I feel I should mention it's normally people you shouldn't trust who ask questions like that."

Hannibal laughs, smiling widely, pleased when Will answers with one of his own. He rises to his feet, and goes to one of the cabinets near the window, opening it, and from it he pulls out a small box. He sets it on a rolling table, and pushes the table over to Will, until it's a foot in front of him.

He lifts the lid, revealing the little LED.

Will blinks at it, and frowns. "You want to…hypnotize me?"

"Not as such," Hannibal replies, giving Will another fond, charming smile. He straightens, and approaches Will, pleased as Will leans back, exposing his belly, showing his neck. He reaches out, and settles a light hand on Will's shoulder, finds his muscle loose and relaxed. He trusts Hannibal, he has no reason not to, and the thought makes Hannibal purr. "The pulses of the light will induce a small cognitive shift. You will be aware of the room, aware of me, but my hope is to allow you to feel relaxed with calming techniques, similar to meditation."

The lies come easily, sweet as honey, and Will swallows, his eyes still lifted, fixed on Hannibal's face. If he seeks to find any dark intent there, he won't – Hannibal is very good at waiting for the right moment to strike.

Then, Will's shoulders lift, pressing into his hand, and he sighs. "Worth a shot, I guess."

Hannibal smiles, and squeezes Will's shoulder. Slides his hand up, to pet briefly over his neck, and Will's fingers tremble. He releases Will, stands behind the machine, and crouches down.

"Look into the light," he murmurs, and Will blinks, focusing on it as he turns it on. The LED is a halo, a small ring, and within it pulses a soft beat of blue light, the edges of the ring turning on and off in slow succession to give the illusion of rotation. He stands, and goes to the office lights, dimming them to near-darkness.

He hears Will's shaky inhale, and returns to him immediately. Will's face is pale in the white light shining on him, his pupils narrowed to pinpricks, his lips parted and his hands flattening on the wide armrests of the chair. He slouches, and Hannibal prowls up behind him and gently sets his hands on Will's shoulders.

"Relax," he coaxes, and Will breathes out. "It's just you and me here, Will. You're perfectly safe, and know that no matter how deep you go, I will be right there with you."

Will nods, once, slowly. Hannibal smiles, and slides his hands along Will's shoulders, admiring the strength in them, the way they fill out his collared shirt. Feels the edges of his t-shirt beneath it, and cups his hands over Will's biceps, coaxing him to lean back farther in the chair.

"Clear your mind," he whispers, and Will swallows. Hannibal bends down, puts his lips near Will's ear, noting with pleasure how he shivers and tilts his head, baring his neck. "Take us somewhere that is peaceful to you."

Will slow-blinks, slackening further.

"Where are we?"

"There's a stream, a few miles from my house," Will breathes, hardly louder than a sigh. "I go fishing there."

Hannibal nods. "The air is warm," he murmurs, and slides his hands up Will's shoulders, to the base of his neck. Flatten there, able to feel the jut of his collarbones, the rise as he breathes in. "There are clouds in the sky. A storm, long-past, but it makes the air thick, and heavy." Will breathes in again, slower this time, his eyelids drooping. "The water is cool, gently rushing. Feel it push on your ankles. You're safe, anchored, the mud soft beneath your boots." Will's knees spread out again, as though strengthening his stance. His thighs tense. "Feel it rush against your calves, behind your knees, up your thighs. Would you like to go deeper, Will?"

Will's hands shake, and curl. "I like it here," he whispers. His shoulders sag down, creating a soft slope, collar adjusting around him to show more of his neck. Hannibal smiles, and touches his thumb lightly to the side of Will's throat, petting with a soft brush.

Watches, delighted, as Will's flesh pebbles with goose bumps.

"Good, Will," he purrs, and touches his lips to Will's ear, which is warm and pink. "That's very good. You're doing wonderfully."

Will swallows, loud enough that his throat clicks.

"I'm right here beside you," Hannibal whispers, and pets over Will's neck with his thumb again, noting that his heart rate has started to pick up. Whether it's panic, or another feeling, Hannibal can't quite tell, but Will's sweet heat is delicious, the spice of his enflamed brain like cinnamon in hot chocolate.

He closes his eyes, presses his nose to Will's hair, and breathes in deeply. He will miss this, when it's gone. But there is no time to dwell on that now, not with Will, so sweet and trembling in his arms. His other hand slides down to Will's chest, flattens over his ricochet heartbeat.

Will shifts his weight, and lets out a soft whimper of distress, his pupils abruptly flaring wide and his scent spiking with fear. Even then, his chest rises to Hannibal's hand, and, much to Hannibal's surprise and delight, his hips lift, rutting in a single, quick motion. Will's scent softens, turns warmer still, arousal flickering like embers at the base of his skull.

Hannibal smiles, but keeps his voice even and level. "You're safe," he says, lifts his eyes and watches as the blue light softens to purple, reddening in the center, ready to pull Will deeper.

He turns his head again, presses his lips to the arch of Will's ear in a mimic of a kiss as Will lets out another weak, terrified sound. "What do you see?"

"Blood," Will whispers. His fingers curl, digging into the leather of the armrest. He whispers the word harshly, heavy, like a plea for more. "There's blood in the water."

"Yours?"

Will shakes his head, and it makes his hair brush over Hannibal's cheek, across his nose and lips. He takes another greedy inhale, shudders, his stomach tightening with hunger, aching for a taste. He sheaths his teeth and pets over Will's neck with his entire hand, feeling the rush of his pulse beneath both as Will's heart starts to race.

"He's here," Will says.

"Who, Will? Who do you see?"

Will whimpers, shuddering violently. "I don't want to be here," he says weakly. "I want to leave."

"Who do you see, Will?"

Will whines, his chin lifting, his eyes wide like he's watching something tall and monstrous approach him. He flinches back against the chair, shoulders pressed to Hannibal's stomach, and the scent of fear makes him sour, in a way wholly unpleasant. Hannibal shushes him, pets him tenderly, as Will starts to sweat.

"No," Will gasps. "Please, no -."

He goes silent, trembling, and his breath abruptly catches, and he paws at the side of his face as if trying to tear someone's grip away from him. He's still staring at the light, caught in its web, unable to look away, as the purple fades and becomes wholly red. Hannibal breathes him in again, frowning as, beneath his fear, he can still smell the sweetness of Will's arousal. He turns, sets his eyes on Will's lap, finds that he's hard, the front of his slacks bulging, a stain already formed at his thigh.

Hannibal moves his hand from Will's heart, flattens it instead over Will's, which is clawing at his cheek. He laces their fingers, and Will's knuckles whiten, curling into a fist and squeezing tightly. He moans, loudly, at the brush of Hannibal's knuckles against his cheek, tilts his head to the side to bare his throat and whimpers, weakly, when Hannibal wraps his hand around the front of his neck.

Hannibal kisses his ear, nuzzles his sweaty hair, breathes in, as Will's fear tightens, mixed with fever, with sweat, with desire. Will's stomach sinks in, his hips rise, and his lashes flutter, jaws parted around an unsteady, ragged moan.

"Oh, *God*." His other hand moves from the armrest, and he pushes the heel of it against his cock, trembling, knees pressed tight together. He squeezes himself through his clothes, gasps again, his pulse spiking and turning to a heavy thrum beneath Hannibal's hand on his neck.

He tightens his hand in Hannibal's, shows his teeth, and his eyes flare wide open abruptly, his entire body convulsing as his irises roll back, showing more white. He turns his head, seeking, and Hannibal freezes as Will kisses him. Freezes but for a moment, as Will moans, and releases his hand, pawing at him instead.

"Please," he whispers. Curious, utterly delighted, Hannibal parts his lips and allows Will to lick between them, seeking a taste. He cups Will's face as Will turns further, his hand knotted tight in Hannibal's tie, tugging on him and compelling him to lean further still, deepening their kiss as Will whines.

And then, he goes stiff, tense all over, his eyes rolling back in his head as the fever grips him, his terrified brain shutting him down from the inside. Hannibal pulls back, cupping his jaw, lifting his lids to find just the very bottom of his irises showing, and Will's hands fall slack, he slumps, jerking as the seizure grips him.

Hannibal straightens, removing himself from Will, and shuts off the light, pushing the rolling table away. Keeps the office dim, and returns to Will, pulling him into a vaguely upright position in the chair. Will's mouth is open, his head tilted back, body still stuck in throes and tremors.

Hannibal's head tilts, and he presses his fingers to Will's pulse, finds it growing a little steadier, though still very fast. His body gives another little shuddering jerk, his lashes fluttering, hair sticking flat and wet to his face and neck.

Hannibal sighs, and rises to his feet, going briefly to the couch and setting Will's coat and bag on the floor by the head of it. He returns to Will and gathers him in his arms, finds Will trembling and heavy, sagging against him, his forehead on Hannibal's shoulder as Hannibal carries him to the couch and sets him atop it. He adjusts the pillow, placing it beneath Will's head, and sits by his stomach, gently petting through Will's sweaty hair as his eyes close. His shaking lessens, after a moment, his fingers giving little aborted twitches against the soft seat.

Will is still hard, cock pressing insistently against Hannibal's hip as he jerks and trembles, and Hannibal smiles, stands, and retrieves the LED box, pushing the table back in front of Will and turning the light on so that, as Will opens his eyes, he's caught once again in the mesmerizing flashes. The light is blue again, at first, gently easing him under as he gasps and moans.

"No," he whispers, weakly.

"Hush, Will," Hannibal says, voice low and even. He sits by Will again, brushing a tender hand over his flushed cheek. Will winces, showing his teeth, his mouth and eyes tight at the corners and his scent thickens with another fresh wave of fear, overwhelming the heat of his sickness. Hannibal touches his neck, pets his hair from his face.

Will flinches from him, lets out a ragged, high-pitched cry, shuddering.

"It feels good when he touches you," Hannibal coaxes, and Will blinks, once, slowly, pupils flaring wide as he stares at the bright light. "Do you remember him kissing you?"

Will licks his lips, nodding.

"Didn't it feel good, darling?" Hannibal whispers, the pet name coming to him with surprising ease. He shifts his weight, his other hand drifting to the swell of Will's erection beneath his clothes. Will shivers, moaning again. "It feels good," he continues; an order now, tugging on the little string in Will's brain he placed there, that aches for his pride, seeks his attention and favor. Will's hips shift, rutting against the heel of his hand. "Take a deep breath."

Will does, and Hannibal drags his wrist over his mouth, so Will takes in his scent, makes his brain shift gears, associating this pleasure with Hannibal's voice, Hannibal's touch. His exhale, when it comes, is gentle and sweet, his lashes going low as his shaking calms, knowing Hannibal is safety.

"Good," Hannibal murmurs. "That's very good, Will. Take another for me." Will obeys, whining sweetly. "Feel his hands on you. They're warm, and gentle. He wants to make you feel pleasure, Will." Will shivers, swallows hard.

Hannibal smiles. "Are you going to let him?"

Will nods, gives a weak groan. "Please," he whispers, and his hand moves down, flattens over Hannibal's, desperate for more friction. Hannibal tugs at the button of his slacks, undoes it, slides the tab of the zipper down and Will moans in relief, his cock tenting his underwear as Hannibal reveals it. He presses over the stain at the head of his cock through his underwear, and Hannibal gently reaches in through the hole, coaxing it out.

Will's flesh is warm, blushing red, thick and hard in his hand. He's cut, his cockhead the same pretty pink as his lips, leaking steadily from the slit. Hannibal smiles again, wraps his hand around his shaft and presses his thumb to the little line from the circumcision scar.

Will's lashes flutter, staring, his mouth parting in a sharp gasp as he rolls his hips, fucking into Hannibal's hand. Will stiffens as Hannibal rubs his thumb through the slit, tightening his fingers, uses the wetness to ease the way for the rest of his hand as he strokes Will slowly, in time with the little flexing rolls of his hips.

"*Fuck,* fuck," Will breathes, and he is all heat, now, cinnamon and sweet chocolate as he pulses and fucks through Hannibal's hand.

"You're making him happy, Will," Hannibal purrs, watches as Will tenses, shuddering, his shoulders tucked up high and back, his head lolling forward to show the nape of his neck. Hannibal stands, circles the couch without letting Will go, and lays down behind him, tugging him back against his chest. Will groans immediately, lets out a weak, wanting sound, as Hannibal brushes his lips along his sweaty nape. He breathes in, salivating at the scent of Will.

Will's hips push back, another wanton, desperate noise falling from him, and he reaches and digs his nails into Hannibal's thigh. "Please," he whispers, slurring now, burning with arousal and lingering fear, a sharp aftertaste that is much more pleasant to Hannibal's senses.

Hannibal's smile has teeth. "Would you like to make him happy, darling?"

Will nods, licks his lips, rolls his hips and spreads his thighs.

"Please," he breathes, and Hannibal snarls against his neck, delighted when Will sucks in a breath and trembles, shaking with renewed fear – for there is a monster in the room, undoubtedly; Will is simply afraid of the wrong one.

It's a small negotiation to push at Will's slacks and underwear, until they bunch around his thighs, baring only what Hannibal needs to take what he wants. He frees his own cock after another moment, growling at the press of his hand, and then the warm, sweet welcome of Will's hobbled thighs. He pushes between them, finds the skin soft and slick with sweat. Will whimpers, grimacing, but his cock is as hard as ever, and gives a weak little twitch when Hannibal renews his pace.

He comes suddenly, without warning, and Hannibal growls, tightening his hand around the head of Will's cock so that he can catch as much of his seed as possible, as Will convulses and trembles in his arms, moaning loudly, breathing ragged. With his teeth in Will's neck, he pulls his hand back when Will is finished, slips from between Will's thighs and uses the slick to coat the head of his cock.

"Please," Will whines again, digging his nails into Hannibal's hip. His skin is bare, here, and the delicious bite of Will's nails makes him shudder. Will is warm, he's wet, and tight as sin when Hannibal brushes the rest of Will's come over his dry rim, forces two fingers in and spreads them without pause.

Will whimpers, jaw tight with pain, but too weak to resist, and Hannibal slides his cockhead between his fingers, pulls them out and snarls against Will's nape as Will's rim clings to him immediately, spasming, fighting him away.

But Hannibal is strong, much stronger than Will is in this moment, and he will not be denied. He wraps his dirty hand around Will's throat and holds him still, forcing his cock through Will's tight, burning flesh. Will's internal muscles spasm around him, rejecting the intrusion, but just as Hannibal wormed his way into Will's head, he claws himself into Will's body, takes the sweet offer of his vulnerability and loss of control, and sinks in until his thighs press heavy to the back of Will's.

Will lets out a weak sound, shuddering. "It hurts."

"No, it doesn't," Hannibal says, his voice no longer his own – it is a growl, rumbling and pressed tight to Will's offered neck. "It feels good, Will."

Will nods, almost absently, his jaw slackening and lashes fluttering as Hannibal pulls back and fucks in again, making the couch creak. "Yeah," he whispers, and palms at his softened cock, whimpers when Hannibal thrusts in again. He can smell blood, and thumbs over Will's stretched, abused rim, feeling an iron-like slickness there. He smiles.

"You like it when he touches you, when he takes you like this." Will nods, blinking slow, sagging in Hannibal's arms. "When he comes for you again, remember how it feels. Remember the warm air, the quiet stream. You need his help to make you feel this good. Ask him. Beg."

"Please," Will says, his body twitching in another weak spasm, sensitive and sore. "I will. *Please*."

Hannibal shudders, overwhelmed by how sweet, how trusting Will is, how eager to please him. It's too much, and he presses deep one more time, coming with a snarl and flooding Will's trembling body. Will moans, gives another helpless jerk, and bares his neck for Hannibal's teeth, and Hannibal kisses over his racing pulse, breathes in the scent of him; sweaty and ruined and so, so lovely.

He bites, hard, no longer able to control his need for a taste, and Will jerks so fiercely that it forces him out. Hannibal is quick to rise, correcting his clothes first, and then he takes his pocket square and wipes Will clean, though he smiles, knowing that more will leak out of him over the next few hours.

He dabs at his sweaty neck and face, cleans his cock, and pushes Will's clothes back into place. Will's eyes roll again, he sags and trembles, and Hannibal pulls him upright and gathers him up, bringing him back to the chair and settling him in place. Will is unresponsive, brain firing too brightly for him to focus and react, and Hannibal shuts off the light and places the table back where it belongs, locks the box away. He puts Will's things back where he left them, and then brightens the office lights. Will doesn't react, still.

He goes to the little bathroom next to his office, washing his hands, his mouth, and his cock clean so even he cannot smell Will. Still, the scent of him is etched into his clothes, but there's nothing that can be done about that. He will have to maintain his distance.

When he returns to his office, he finds Will looking around, dazed and confused, his eyes wild and wide. The pink mark on his neck makes him flinch as he looks to Hannibal, pressing a hand over his throat. He shifts his weight, eyes widening further as his body undoubtedly spasms with pain, and he goes very, very pale.

Hannibal adjusts quickly, turning his expression to one of surprise. "Will," he says, and goes to him. "Are you alright?"

"I -." Will flinches, shaking terribly.

Hannibal's head tilts. He lets out a soft, concerned sound, and settles back in his chair. "You lost time again."

Will winces. "I remember getting into my car," he whispers. He touches his neck again and Hannibal hums, pretending to have only now noticed the mark.

"You were late to our session," he says, gesturing to the clock, and makes his voice go stern, watching as Will flinches and presses his lips together, flushed with shame at having disappointed Hannibal. "I don't think I'm incorrect in assuming you had a minor detour, on your way over."

Will swallows. "I don't remember." His scent is sour with panic, with disgust. He shifts his weight again, winces, looks down at the stain of precum on his clothes, the dark sweat marks around his throat and under his arms. "Oh my God, I don't fucking remember."

"Will." Will flinches, his eyes snapping to Hannibal's, wide and lost. Hannibal sits forward, his elbows on his knees, and he presses his lips together, hiding the flush of pleasure at seeing Will so ruined behind the calm façade of a caring friend. "If you're losing this much time, and doing things that you would otherwise not do, it points to a rapid devolution."

Will swallows, touching his neck again, and runs his other hand through his hair.

His eyes flash, and he fixes Hannibal with a sharp, bright gaze. He shudders, lets out a weak sound, and collapses in on himself, rubbing his hands over his face.

He whispers, desperate and afraid, "I don't know what to do."

Hannibal smiles. "You need help," he purrs, and doesn't miss how Will's eyes snap to his again, his shoulders sag, triggered to pliancy at the sound of his voice. "I will help you, Will." His head tilts, and he folds his hands together, watching as Will's eyes fall to them and he gives another weak, shaking whine.

"Please," he says, as Hannibal hoped he might, his brain remembering the command it was given; "Please, Doctor Lecter. Help me."

Hannibal's smile widens, and his belly goes tight with anticipation. "Of course."

Chapter 2

Hannibal smiles, watching Will's pupils dilate, covering the entirety of his lovely blue iris. The rotating light pulses and glows, illuminating his face, and he watches as Will sags, slow-blinks, his lips parting to show a slip of his tongue.

Hannibal stands, circles the back of the chair, and cups Will's fever-warm forehead, his other hand touching, gently, to Will's mouth. He was rash, before, fucking Will and leaving so much evidence behind. It only took some coaxing on his part, Will weak and terrified, to convince him not to go to a hospital and get a rape kit done. He had promised, instead, to test Will himself, drew blood and pretended to send it off to make sure he didn't catch any diseases.

Of course, he knows Will didn't.

Now, Will trusts him so completely, Hannibal doesn't think it would take much to coax him into other things, when the time comes. He resisted the urge to ask Will for a more thorough examination – to push Will too hard, too suddenly, would only cause him to buck and run like a skittish colt. For Hannibal to get what he wants, he needs Will pliant, not afraid.

He rucks his fingers gently through Will's hair, smiles as he sighs, and his lips part further at the subtle press of Hannibal's thumb. He pushes inside, petting over Will's slick tongue, his sharp canines that betray his hidden animal nature – deeper, back, over his molars. Will doesn't move, trusting and lax in his arms, and Hannibal leans down and kisses the arch of Will's ear.

"Take me to your stream, Will."

Will's lashes flutter, close and open again, and his lips go tight around Hannibal's thumb, cheeks hollowing as he sucks on it. Hannibal shivers, upper lip twitching back, and pets lightly over the ridge of his incisors.

"Is he there?"

Will nods, tries to say 'Yes', and almost manages.

Hannibal smiles. "You're not afraid of him anymore, are you?"

Will shakes his head, just once, a little jerk of his chin, and Hannibal pulls his thumb back, cupping Will's chin instead as he shivers, showing his teeth, his eyes going to half-mast, his shoulders slouching, knees spread wide.

"It feels good when he touches me."

Hannibal knows this – he took great care to make it happen. Will, still, when he's lucid, won't talk about his dreams, but he's unresistant whenever Hannibal pulls him under, eases him into

that place of mixed fear and arousal. Already Will's blood is sweeter for it, combining cinnamon with that fever-sweetness. Hannibal's mouth waters.

He takes Will's hand, and presses it to his face, smoothing it so Will's nails dig into his own cheek. "Let him touch you," he whispers. "Let him do whatever he wants to you."

Will shivers, moaning, and his other hand slides to his erection. His head tips back, though his eyes still remain on the light, showing his throat, and Hannibal releases him, and fetches the small bag and the cooler he had kept hidden behind his desk.

From the bag, he pulls out a long tube of plastic, as well as a large metal bit gag, the kind one might use on an animal to keep their teeth parted. He approaches Will with those things and the cooler, crouches down and watches his eyes. Will doesn't react, petting over his face and his cock, shuddering and whimpering as he touches himself.

Hannibal smiles, and sets his things down, and touches the corner of Will's mouth. Will's lips part immediately, conditioned now to let Hannibal put anything he wants inside him, be it wine, or food, or flesh.

"It feels good when he touches you, Will," he purrs, and takes the gag, opening the upper and lower jaws of the metal and sliding it, an inch apart, between Will's teeth. Will takes it easily, not even wincing, as Hannibal wraps the strap around the back of his head. His lashes flutter, and he moans as Hannibal gently turns the winch, making Will's jaws part further until Hannibal can see the clenching innards of his mouth, his sharp tongue, his uvula. He's had a tonsillectomy – Hannibal cocks his head, noting that absently, and straightens.

He waits, until the light in the middle of the ring of white LEDs turns red, taking Will deeper. He's done this enough times now to know Will won't wake, and he's pliant under hypnosis, but if he were to start seizing, Hannibal doesn't want him to bite.

He lets out a soft, eager sound, too tempted by the pink, wet innards of Will's mouth to resist. He unfastens his suit pants quickly, tucks a hand behind Will's head and fisting through his sweaty curls, and guides his cock slowly between Will's gagged lips. Will's throat clenches around him, and he gives a weak whine, squeezing his cock tightly and lowering his hand from his face, pawing instead at his throat as if trying to make himself swallow.

It's a delicious sight, Will's lashes low, his cheeks flushed with arousal. This close, Hannibal can easily breath in the fever coming off him, fist a hand in Will's lovely curls and push in deep, until he gags. His mouth can't close, and he floods with saliva, choking, his muscles clenching up tightly around the head of Hannibal's cock.

Just a taste is all Hannibal allows himself – he cannot afford to lose control a second time. He works his cock into Will's mouth once more, lets him shiver and moan and gag around it, and then he pulls back, correcting his clothes.

Will sags with an open whimper, still touching his neck. He makes another sound, ragged and wanting, and though he cannot move his lips to form the word, Hannibal knows he's saying 'Please'. Because Hannibal told him to.

He smiles, and gathers the tube, unwinding it until it is a small 'J' shape. He unfolds the slide and cups Will's face, tilting his head up to open his throat, and pushes the depressor down on his tongue. Watches him spasm and clench, and then he feeds the opening of the tube into his throat. He is careful, and goes slowly, using the wet of Will's saliva to push it in, but he knows the deeper he goes, the more Will would have benefited from the use of lubricant.

But lubricant leaves a stain, and a smell behind.

He pushes in, gently, soothing Will with soft words and touches as he chokes around the tube, nostrils flared wide, his larynx bulging in the front of his throat until Hannibal finds his mark, and presses until he feels the abrupt opening, the lack of tightness and resistance, that means he has entered Will's stomach.

He straightens, sliding the depressor out, and opens the cooler to retrieve Abigail's ear.

Will whimpers as Hannibal tilts his head back, standing behind him with a hand on his forehead, his cock still hard and pressed beneath his palm, his other hand touching his neck. "I know, darling. He's so deep inside you, isn't he?" Hannibal murmurs, smiling when Will moans, and his lashes flutter, showing only white. "You're making him very happy – he wants to be inside you, wants to fill you, and nourish you."

He sets the ear to the top of the tube, lets it linger, for a moment, before he drops it down.

"Swallow," he commands.

Will obeys with another weak moan, his lips pulling back to show his teeth around the gag, and Hannibal smiles, petting through his hair as he watches the ear disappear, swallowed by Will's spasming muscles. He sighs, presses his thumbs to the corner of Will's sore mouth. "Good," he whispers. "That's very good, Will. You've made him so happy."

Will's eyes open, but they are mostly white. His stomach and shoulders jerk in spasm, his knuckles pale around his cock. Hannibal leans down, touches his lips to Will's ear, and says, "Would you like him to please you, now?"

Will nods, as much as he can with Hannibal's grip on him and the tube in his throat. Hannibal smiles, and straightens, and circles to the front of Will. The top end of the tube is larger, allowing for a funnel feeding if necessary, and he pulls himself out again, pressing the head of his cock into the opening.

"Touch yourself, darling," he says, voice low as he strokes himself, his jaw clenching as Will shudders, stares blindly up at him, and rubs against his cock in earnest. He does look so lovely like that, Hannibal thinks, spread open and helpless, a slave to Hannibal's merciless kindness, his unending cruelty. The memory of being inside Will is a treasured, decadent one, but this is another kind of violation entirely. To feed Will his come, to be inside him without Will's knowledge, makes his heart pound, his grip going tight around his cock.

He leans forward, fists a hand in Will's hair, and snarls, "Swallow." And Will moans, nodding once, as Hannibal grits his teeth and comes, flooding the innards of the tube, funnel carefully angled so none drips onto their clothes or his hand. He resisted the urge to touch himself for

weeks, since he was last inside Will, wanting there to be as much as possible before he filled Will again.

Will is frantic, sweating, palming himself desperately as Hannibal finishes with another grunt, careful not to get any on his fingers, and he rubs the rest on the inside of the funnel, before tucking himself back in and fixing his clothes. He wipes his hand, absently, on his pocket square, and then moves around to stand behind Will again.

He wraps a hand around his throat, angling the tube straight so that as much falls into Will's stomach as possible, and slowly starts to pull the tube back out. It is that drag, that terrible friction, that makes Will come, and he whimpers and spasms, his body convulsing and throwing him into another seizure as Hannibal removes the tube from his throat, wraps it up, and puts it back in his bag along with the depressor.

He can see Will's jaws bulging, trying to bite down on the gag in his mouth, and he sighs, and shuts off the light, rolling the little table back and placing the box back in the cabinet. He brightens his office lights, checks his appearance, briefly, to see that aside from a light flush, nothing looks amiss. By the time he returns to Will, his scent is heavy with his release and he's whimpering, petting over the thick, dark stain on his thigh.

Hannibal's mouth waters, and he swallows, resisting the urge to taste. He walks up to Will and unfastens the gag from his head, putting it in his bag, and hides it with the cooler in the second room again. When that is done, he pours Will a glass of wine, and walks over to him. Within the last few feet, he lets his pace quicken, and his touch, when he presses his fingers to Will's temple, is frantic.

"Will," he murmurs, and Will's shaking calms. Hannibal cannot bring him out of a seizure by force of will, but the hypnotic state is another story. Will blinks, his eyes rolling forward into place, his tremoring turning into the sweet shake of exhaustion, rather than the uncontrollable spasms of a seizure. "Will, here. Drink."

Will gasps, grabs the wine, and lifts it to his lips without protest. He winces, gasping again, and Hannibal grabs the glass before he can spill it, setting it down.

He cups Will's face, soothing him at the mouth, watches as Will's lashes flutter, his cheeks turn a deep red. His hair is wet with sweat and Hannibal curls his fingers through it, ducking his head down as though to check Will's eyes.

"I know you may not feel like it," he says gently, "but I need you to smile."

Will's lips twitch. It's small, but regular, even on each side.

Hannibal smiles, and says, "Good." Will breathes out, batting at the sore corners of his mouth. Winces, when he swallows, and his eyes flash, and snap to Hannibal's, wide. "You had another seizure," Hannibal explains. "The spasms will have caused a lot of muscle soreness. Would you like to lie down?"

Will shakes his head. "No, I -." He straightens, and Hannibal stands, letting him go, watching with veiled pleasure as Will freezes, and looks down at his lap, his body going tight and face

a mask of heavy, cold mortification. He looks up, as though hoping Hannibal might not have noticed, and Hannibal hums, and turns away.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Will," he says gently, picking up the wine and setting it on the table by his own chair. Will lets out a weak, terribly bitter sound, and when Hannibal regards him again, he's hiding his face in his hands. "Our brains are wonderful things, but they are not perfect. The firing of synapses during a seizure, and the subsequent muscle reactions, are not entirely predictable."

Will moans; a defeated, exhausted sound. "I'd really rather not talk about it," he mutters.

Hannibal's head tilts, and he smiles, taking his seat. "Does this happen often?"

Will's head lifts, his eyes narrowed. "I *don't* want to talk about it."

Hannibal lips purse, and he sighs, but nods. That will be the next thing he'll have to correct in Will, then – his shame is beautiful enough, but Hannibal thinks his pride would be absolutely breathtaking. To revel in his pleasure, unashamed, wild with it. He thinks of the first time Will might come to him and actually *ask*, on his knees, eyes bright and focused and lucid. Oh, what a glorious day that will be.

Hannibal nods again, and stands. "I have something you should take – it will help with the soreness," he says, and from his desk drawer he pulls out a bottle of pills. They are muscle relaxants, which are genuine, but in the wine was a diluted dose of ipecac syrup, altered by his own design to have a delayed effect. If Hannibal times it right, it will take effect when Will is at home.

He hands the bottle to Will, who takes it with a trembling hand. "Pretty sure you need a prescription for this," he mutters.

Hannibal smiles at him. "Trust me, Will," he replies, and watches Will's shoulders lower and sag, his jaw softening, nostrils flaring wide. "I only want what's best for you. Sometimes that means bending a few rules."

Will huffs, but the smile he offers is grateful.

"Now, I must insist on calling you a cab. I'll pay for it – I don't think you should be driving home right now. We can arrange to have your car delivered in the morning."

Will doesn't protest. Merely curls his fingers around the bottle, and sighs.

Works inspired by this one

rush by YouAreMyDesign

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!